



J. Smith Sculp.

THE
L I F E
O F
King HENRY V.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.

Duke of Gloucester,
Duke of Bedford,
Duke of Clarence,

} Brothers to the King.

Duke of York,
Duke of Exeter,

} Uncles to the King.

Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Westmorland.
Earl of Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey,

} Conspirators against the King.

Sir Thomas Erpingham,
Gower,
Fluellen,
Markmorris,
Jamy,

} Officers in K. Henry's Army.

Nym,
Bardolph,
Pistol,
Boy,

} Formerly Servants to Falstaff now Soldiers in the King's Army.

Bates,
Court,
Williams.

} Soldiers.

Charles the Sixth, King of France.

The Dauphin.

Duke of Burgandy.

Constable,
Orleans,
Rambures,
Bourbon,
Grandpree,

} French Lords.



Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, a Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

Isabel, Queen of France.
Catherine, Daughter to the King of France.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess Catherine.
Hostess.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with
other Attendants.

The SCENE lyes for Part of the first
Act in England, but during the rest of
the Play wholly in France.

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heav'n of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his Heels,
Leasht in, like Heunds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Cneuch for Employments. But pardon, Gentiles all,
The flat unrais'd Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vasty Field of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very Casks,
That did affright the Air at Agincourt;
O Pardon; since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little Place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Account,
On your Forces imaginary work.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our Imperfections with your Thoughts:
Into a thousand Parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puissance.
Think, when we talk of Horses, that you see them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your Thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er Times,
Turning th' Accomplishment of many Years
Into an Hour-Glass; for the which Supply,
Admit me Chorus to this History;
Whose Prologue-like, your humble Patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play.

THE



T H E
L I F E
O F
King H E N R Y V.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and
Bishop of Ely.*

Archbishop of CANTERBURY:

M

Y Lord I'll tell you, that self Bill is
urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh Year o' th' last
King's Reign
Was like, and had indeed against us
past.

But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther Question.

Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: If it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our Possession:
For all the Temporal Lands, which Men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus;
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,

Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires :
 And to relief of Lazars, and weak Age
 Of indigent faint Souls, past corporal Toil,
 A hundred Alms-houses, right well supply'd ;
 And to the Coffers of the King, beside,
 A thousand pound by th' Year. Thus runs the Bill;
Ely This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all. .

Ely. But what Prevention ?

Cant. The King is full of Grace, and fair Regard.

Ely. And a true Lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The Courses of his Youth promis'd it not :
 The Breath no sooner left his Father's Body,
 But that his Wildness mortify'd in him.
 Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an Angel, came,
 And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
 Leaving his Body as a Paradise,
 T'involve and contain cœlestial Spirits.
 Never was such a sudden Scholar made :
 Never came Reformation in a Flood
 With such a heady Current, scowring Faults :
 For never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulness
 So soon did lose his Seat, and all at once,
 As in this King.

Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in Divinity,
 And all-admiring, with an inward Wish,
 You would desire the King were made a Prelate,
 Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affairs :
 You would say, it hath been all in all his Study :
 List his Discourse of War, and you shall hear
 A famous Battle render'd you in Musick.
 Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his Garter ; then when he speaks,
 The Air, a charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in Men's Ears,
 To steal his sweet and honied Sentences :
 So that the Art and practick Part of Life

Must be the Mistress to the Theorique.
 Which is a Wonder how his Grace should glean it;
 Since his Addition was to Courses vain,
 His Companions unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
 And never noted in him any Study,
 Any Retirement, any Sequestration
 From open Haunts and Popularity.

Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
 And wholesom Berries thrive and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser Quality:
 And so the Prince obscured his Contemplation
 Under the Vail of Wildness, which, no doubt,
 Grew like the Summer Grass, fastest by Night,
 Unseen, yet crecive in his Faculty.

Cant. It must be so: for Miracles are ceas'd:
 And therefore we must needs admit the Means,
 How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord:
 How now for Mitigation of this Bill,
 Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
 Incline to it; or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent:
 Or rather swaying more upon our Part,
 Than cherishing th' Exhibitors against us:
 For I have made an Offer to his Majesty,
 Upon our spiritual Convocation,
 And in regard of Causes, now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
 As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum
 Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
 Did to his Predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this Offer seem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good Acceptance of his Majesty:
 Save that there was not time enough to hear,
 As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
 The several and unhidden Passages,
 Of his true Titles to some certain Dukedoms,
 And generally, to the Crown and Seat of *France*,
 Deriv'd from *Edward*, his Great Grandfather.

Ely. What was th' Impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The *French* Ambassador upon that Instant
Crav'd Audience; and the Hour I think is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four a-Clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his Embassy:
Which I could with a ready Guess declare,
Before the *Frenchman* speaks a Word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exe.]

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmorland, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good Uncle.

West. Shall we call in the Ambassador my Leige?

K. Hen. Not yet, my Cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our Thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Hen. Sure we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike* that they have in *France*,
Or should, or should not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord.
That you should fashion, wrest or bow your Reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soul
With opening Titles miscreate, whose Right
Suits not in native Colours with the Truth:
For God does know, how many now in Health
Shall drop their Blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of War:
We charge you, in the Name of God, take heed.
For never two such Kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of Blood, whose guiltless Drops
Are every one, a Woe, a sore Complaint. ¶ Swords,
'Gainst him, whose Wrong gives Edge unto the
That make such waste in brief Mortality.

Under

King HENRY V.

9

Under this Conjuratiō, speak my Lord ;
For we will hear, note, and believe in Heart,
That what you speak is in your Conscience wash'd,
As pure as Sin with Baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
Pears,

That owe your selves, your Lives, and Services,
To this Imperial Throne. There is no Bar
To make against your Highness' Claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike Land* :
Which *Salike Land*, the *French* unjustly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*,
The Founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve* :
Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and settled certain *French* ;
Who holding in disdain the *German* Woman,
For some dishonest Manners of their Life,
Establisht then this Law ; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike Land* :
Which *Salike*, as I said, betwixt *Elxe* and *Sala*,
Is at this Day in *Germany* call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appear in the *Salike* Law
Was not divid'd for the Realm of *France* :
Nor did the *French* possess the *Salike* Land,
Until four hundred one and twenty Years
After Defunctiō of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the Founder of this Law,
Who died within the Year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty six ; and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did seat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the Year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which depos'd *Childerick*,
Did, as Heir General, being descended
Of *Blichid*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France* :

Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the Crown
 Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole Heir-ma'e
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great;
 To find his Title with some Shews of Truth,
 Though in pure Truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Convey'd himself as th'Heir to the Lady *Lingars*,
 Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
 To *Lewis* the Emperor, and *Lewis* the Son
 Of *Charles* the Great: Also King *Lewis* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heir to the Usurper *Capet*,
 Could not keep quiet in his Conscience,
 Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till satisfy'd,
 That fair Queen *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady *Ermengere*,
 Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*:
 By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
 So, that as clear as in the Summer's Sun,
 King *Pepin's* Title, and *Hugh Capet's* Claim,
 King *Lewis* his Satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
 So do the Kings of *France* upon this Day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salike* Law,
 To bar your Highness claiming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Than amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
 Usurpt from you, and your Progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with Right and Conscience make this
 Claim?

Cant. The Sin upon my Head, dread Sovereign:
 For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
 When the Man dies, let the Inheritance
 Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag,
 Look back unto your mighty Ancestors;
 Go, my dread Lord, to your great Granfire's Tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike Spirit,
 And your great Uncle, *Edward* the black Prince,
 Who on the *French* Ground play'd a Tragedy,
 Making Defear on the full Power of *France*:
 Whiles his most mighty Father on a Hill,

Stood smiling, to behold his Lion's Whelp
Forage in Blood of *French* Nobility.

O noble *English*, that could entertain,
With half their Forces, the full Pride of *France*,
And let another half stand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for Action.

Ely. Awake Remembrance of these valiant Dead,
And with your puissant Arm renew their Feits;
You are their Heir, you sit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins; and my thrice puissant Liege
Is in the very *May-Morn* of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you should rouse your self,
As did the former Lions of your Blood.

West. They know your Grace hath Cause, and
Means and Might;

So hath your Highness, never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whose Hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lye pavillion'd in the Field of *France*.

Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
In Aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy, at one time,
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Against the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all Advantages.

Cant. They of those Marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our Inland from the pilfering Borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mea the couring Snatchers
only,

But fear the mean Intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*.

But that the *Scot*, on his unfurnisht Kingdom,
 Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
 With ample and brim Fullness of his Force,
 Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assays,
 Girding with grievous Siege, Castles and Towns ;
 That *England* being empty of Defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at th' ill Neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd;
 my Liege,

For hear her but exempl'd by her self,
 When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
 And she a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
 She hath her self not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a Stray,
 The King of *Scots* ; whom she did send to *France*,
 To fill King *Edward's* Fame with Prisoner Kings,
 And make his Chronicle as rich with Praise,
 As is the ouzy Bottom of the Sea.

With sunken Wrack, and some less Treasuries.

Ely. But there's a Saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
 For once the Eagle, *England*, being in Prey,
 To her unguarded Nest, the Weazel, *Scot*,
 Comes sneaking, and so suks her princely Eggs,
 Playing the Mouse, in absence of the Cat,
 To tear and havock more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the Cat must stay at home :
 Yet that it is but a crush'd Necessity ;
 Since we have Locks to safegard Necessaries,
 And pretty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
 While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised Head defends it self at home :
 For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into Parts, doth keep in one Consent,
 Congreering in a full and natural Close,
 Like Musick.

Cant. Therefore doth Heav'n divide
 The State of Man in divers Functions,
 Setting Endeavour in continual Motion :
 To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
 Obedience ; for so work the Honey Bees,

Creatures.

Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
 The Act of Order to a Peopled Kingdom.
 They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
 Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home :
 Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad :
 Others, like Soldiers, arm'd in their Stings,
 Make Boot upon the Summer's Velvet Buds :
 Which Pillage, they with merry March bring home
 To the Tent-Royal of their Emperor :
 Who busied in his Majesty, surveys
 The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold;
 The civil Citizens kneading up the Honey ?
 The poor mechanick Porters, crowding in
 Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate :
 The sad-ey'd Justice, with his surly Hum,
 Delivering o'er to Executors pale,
 The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,
 That many things having full Reverence
 To one Consent, may work contrariously :
 As many Arrows loosed several Ways,
 Come to one Mark : as many Ways meet in one
 Town,

As many fresh Streams meet in one salt Sea ;
 As many Lines close in the Dial's Center ;
 So may a thousand Actions once a-foot,
 And in one Purpose, and be all well born
 Without Defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
 Divide your happy *England* into four,
 Whereof, take you one Quarter into *France*,
 And you withal shall make all *Gallia* shake,
 If we with thrice such Powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own Doors from the Dog,
 Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
 The Name of Hardiness and Policy.

K. Hen. Call in the Messengers sent from the *Dan-*
phin.

Now are we well resolv'd, and by God's Help,
 And yours, the noble Sinews of our Power ;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample Empery,

O'er

O'er *France*, and all her, almost, Kingly Dukedoms,
 Or lay these Bones in an unworthy Urn.
 Tomblefs, with no Remembrance over them ;
 Either our History shall with full Mouth
 Speak freely of our Acts, or else our Grave,
 Like *Turkish* Mute, shall have a tongueless Mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassador of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the Pleasure
 Of our fair Cousin *Dauphin* ; for we hear,
 Your Greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in Charge :
 Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
 The *Dauphin's* Meaning, and our Embassy.

K. Hen. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 Unto whose Grace our Passion is as subject,
 As our Wretches fetter'd in our Prisons :
 Therefore with frank and uncurbed Plainness,
 Tell us the *Dauphin's* Mind.

Amb. Thus then in few.

Your Highness, lately sending into *France*,
 Did claim some certain Dukedoms, in the Right
 Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the Third.
 In Answer of which Claim, the Prince our Master,
 Says, that you savour too much of your Youth,
 And bids you be advis'd : There's nought in *France*,
 That can be with a nimble Calliad won ;
 You cannot revel into Dukedoms there :
 He therefore sends you, Meeter for your Spirit,
 This Tun of Treasure ; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the *Dauphin* speaks.

K. Hen. What Treasure, Uncle ?

Exe. Tinnis-balls, my Leige.

K. Hen. We are glad the *Dauphin* is so pleasant
 with us.

His Present, and your Pains we thank you for,
 When we have match'd our Rackets to these Balls,
 We will in *France*, by God's Grace, play a Set
 Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard.

Tell

Tell him he hath made a Match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of *France* will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we understand him well
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder Days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valu'd this poor Seat of *England*,
 And therefore living hence, did give our self
 To barbarous Licence; as 'tis ever common,
 That Men are merriest when they are from home:
 But tell the *Dauphin*, I will keep my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my Sail of Greatness,
 When I do rouse me in my Throne of *France*.
 For that I have laid by my Majesty,
 And ploddest like a Man for working Days;
 But I will rise there with so full a Glory,
 That I will dazzle all the Eyes of *France*,
 Yea strike the *Dauphin* blind to look on us.
 And tell the present Prince, this Mock of his
 Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-stones, and his Soul
 Shall stand sore charged, for the wasteful Vengeance
 That shall fly with them: For many a thousand Wi-

dows,
 Shall this his Mock, monk out of their dear Husbands;
 Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Castles down:
 And some are yet ungoten and unborn,
 That shall have Cause to curse the *Dauphin's* Scorn.
 But this lies all within the Will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose Name,
 Tell you the *Dauphin*, I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful Hand, in a well hallow'd Cause.
 So get you hence in Peace, and tell the *Dauphin*,
 His Jest will favour but of shallow Wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe Conduct. Fare ye well.

[*Exeunt Ambaf.*]

Exe. This was a merry Message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy Hour,
 That may give such Furth'rance to our Expedition;
 For

For we have now no Thought in us but *France*,
 Save those to God, that run before our Business.
 Therefore let our Proportions for these Wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
 That may with reasonable Swiftnes add
 More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
 We'll chide this *Dauphin* at his Father's Door
 Therefore let every Man now task his Thought,
 That this fair Action may on foot be brought. [Ex

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of *England* are on Fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's Thought
 Reigns solely in the Breast of every Man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse,
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged Heels, as *English Mercuries*.
 For now sits Expectation in the Air,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilt unto the Point,
 With Crowns Imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry* and his Followers.
 The *French* advis'd, by good Intelligence,
 Of this most dreadful Preparation,
 Shake in their Fear, and with pale Policy
 Seek to divert the *English* Purposes.
 O *England!* Model to thy inward Greatness,
 Like little Body with a mighty Heart;
 What would'st thou do, that Honour would thee do,
 Were all thy Children kind and natural:
 But see, thy Fault *France* hath in thee found out,
 A Nest of hollow Bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted Men:
 One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*; and the second,
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Masham*: and the third,
 Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
 Have for the Gilt of *France*, (O Guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearful *France*.
 And by their Hands this Grace of Kings must die,
 If Hell and Treason hold their Promises,
 E'er he take Ship for *France*; and in *Sonthampton*,
 Linger your Patience on, and we'll digest

Th'abuse

Th'abuse of Distance; force a Play:
 The sum is pay'd, the Traytors are agreed,
 The King is sent from *London*, and the Scene
 Is now transported, Gentles, to *Southampton*,
 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to *France* shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas,
 To give you gentle Pass; for if we may,
 We'll not offend one Stomach with our Play.
 But 'till the King come forth, and not 'till then,
 Unto *Southampton* do we shift our Scene. [Ex.]

Enter Corporal Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph*,

Bard. What, are ancient *Pistol* and you Friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when
 time shall serve, there shall be Smiles, but that shall
 be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and
 hold out mine Iron; it is a simple one, but what
 though? It will tost Cheese, and it will endure cold,
 as another Man's Sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a Breakfast to make you Friends,
 and we'll be all three sworn Brothers to *France*: let it
 be so, good Corporal *Nim*.

Nim. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
 tain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will
 do as I may: That is my Rest, that is the Rendez-
 vous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to
Nel Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
 were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
 Men may sleep, and they may have their Throats a-
 bout them at that time, and some say, Knives have
 Edges: It must be as it may, tho' Patience be a tir'd
 Name, yet she will plod, there must be Conclusions;
 well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol, and Quickly,

Bard. Here comes ancient *Pistol* and his Wife: good
 Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Host
Pistol?

Pistol.

Pist. Base Tyke, call'st thou me Host? now by this Hand, I swear I scorn the Term, nor shall my Ne keep Lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honestly by the Prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, *Island* Dog; thou prick-ear'd Cur of *Island*.

Quick. Good Corporal *Nim*, shew thy Valour. and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you shug off? I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious Dog! O Viper vile; the *solus* in thy most marvellous Face, the *solus* in thy Teeth, and in thy Throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in they Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nasty Mouth. I do retort the *solus* in thy Bowels? for I can take, and *Pistol's* Cock is up, and flashing Fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbafon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an Humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, *Pistol*, I will scour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair Terms. If you would walk off, would prick your Guts a little in good Terms, as I may, and that's the Humour of it.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damn'd furious Wight, The Grave doth gape, and doating Death is near, Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: He that strikes the first Stroke, I'll run him up to the Hilt, as I'm a Soldier.

Pist. An Oath of mickle Might, and Fury shall abate. Give me thy Fist, thy Fore-Foot to me give: Thy Spirits are more tall.

Nim. I will cut thy Throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the Humour of it.

Pist.

Pist. *Coupe a gorge*, that is the Word. I defy thee again. O Hound of *Creet*, think'st thou my Spouse to get? No, to the Spittle go, and from the powdring-tub of Infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressid's* kind, *Dol Tearsheet*, she by Name, and her Espouse. I have, and I will hold the *quondam Quickly* for the only she; and *Pauca*, ther'es enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Host *Pistol*, you must come to my Master, and your Hostess: He is very sick, and would to Bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy Face between his Sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a Pudding one of these Days; the King has kill'd his Heart. Good Husband come home presently. *Ex. Quick*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two Friends? We must to *France* together; why the Devil should we keep Knives to cut one another's Throats?

Pist. Let Floods o'erflow, and Fiends for Food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight Shilling, I won of you at Betting?

Pist. Base is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have; that the Humour of it.

Pist. As Manhood shall compound; push home.

(Draw.)

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the first Thrust, I'll kill him; by this Sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths must have their Course.

Bard. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends; and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too; prithee put up.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou have, and present Pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and Friendship shall combine, and Brotherhood. I'll live by *Nim*, and *Nim* shall live by me, is not thus just? For I shall Suttler be unto the Camp and Profits will accrue. Give me thy Hand.

Nim. I shall have my Noble?

Pist.

Pist. In Cash, most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the Humour of't.

Enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor Heart, he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet Men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad Humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as it may: he passes some Humours and Carreers.

Pist. Let us not condole the Knight, for Lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmorland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these Traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if Allegiance in their Bosoms sate, Crowned with Faith and constant Royalty.

Bed. The King hath Note of all that they intend, By Interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the Man that was his Bedfellow! Whom he hath lul'd and cloy'd with gracious Favours,

That he should, for a foreign Purse, so sell His Sovereign's Life to Death and Treachery.

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

K. Hen. Now sits the Wind fair, and we will abroad. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Marsham*, And you my gentle Knight, give me your Thoughts: Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us Will cut their Passage through the Force of *France*? Doing the Execution, and the Act, For which we have in head assembled them.

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each Man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded, We carry not a Heart with us from hence, (ded, That grows not in a fair Consent with ours, Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish

Success

Success and Conquest to attend us.

Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty ; there's not, I think, a Subject,
That sits in Heart-grief and Uneasiness,
Under the sweet Shade of your Government.

Gray. True ; those that were your Father's Enemies,
Have steep't their Galls in Honey, and do observe you
With Hearts create of Duty, and of Zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great Cause of Thankful-
And shall forget the Office of our Hand, (ness ;
Sooner than Quittance of Desert and Merit,
According to the Weight and Worthyness.

Scroop. So Service shall with steeled Sinews toil,
And Labour shall refresh it self with Hope,
To do your Grace incessant Services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Enlarge the Man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our Person : We consider,
It was Excess of Wine that set him on,
And on his more Advice, We pardon him.

Scroop. That's Mercy, but too much Security :
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest Example
Breed, by his Sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your Highness, yet punish too.

Gray. Sir, you shew great Mercy, if you give him
After the Taste of much Correction. (Life,

K. Hen. Alas ! your too much Love and Care of me,
Are heavy Orisons gainst this poor Wretch.

If little Faults, proceeding on Distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shalt we stretch our Eye,
When capital Crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that Man,
Tho' *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear Care
And tender Preservation of our Person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our *French*
Who are the late Commissioners ? (Causes,

Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highness bad me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Gray. And I, my Royal Sovereign.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours :

There yours *Lord Scroop* of *Masham*; and Sir Knight, *Gray* of *Northumberland*, the same is yours ;
 Read them and know, I know your Worthyness.
 My Lord of *Westmorland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
 We will aboard to Night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
 What see you in those Papers, that you lose
 So much Complexion? Look ye how they change!
 Their Cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chac'd your Blood
 Out of Appearance ?

Gamb. I do confess my Fault,
 And do submit me to your Highness Mercy.

Gray. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The Mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own Counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
 You must not dare, for shame to talk of Mercy,
 For your own Reasons turn into your Bosoms,
 As Dogs upon their Masters, worrying you.
 See, you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
 These *English* Monsters! My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 You know how apt our Love was to accord
 To furnish him with all Appertinents
 Belonging to his Honour ; and this Man,
 Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd
 And sworn unto the Practices of *France*,
 To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which
 This Knight, no less for Bounty bound to us
 Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, *Lord Scroop*, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage and inhuman Creature !
 Thou that did'st bear the Key of all my Counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my Soul,
 That, almost, might'st have coin'd me into Gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy use ?
 May it be possible, that foreign Hire
 Could out of thee extract one Spark of Evil,
 That might annoy my Finger ? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the Truth of it stand off as gross,
 As black and white, my Eye will scarcely see it.

Treason

Treason and Murder, ever keep together,
 As too Yoak Devils sworn to either's Purpose,
 Working so grossly in a Natural Cause,
 That Admiration did not hoop at them.
 But thou against all Proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on Treason and on Murther:
 And whatsoever cunning Fiend it was,
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously.
 Hath got the Voice in Hell for Excellence:
 And other Devils that suggest By-Treasons,
 Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
 With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
 From glist'ring Semblances of Piety:
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
 Give thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the Name of Traitor.
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lion-gate walk the whole World,
 He might return to vally *Tartar* back,
 And tell the Legions, I can never win
 A Soul so easy as that *Englishman's*
 Oh, how hast thou with Jealousy infected
 The Sweetness of Affiance! Shew Men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble Family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in Diet,
 Free from gross Passion, or of Mirth, or Anger,
 Constant in Spirit, not swerving with the Blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest Complement,
 Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
 And but in purged Judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem:
 And thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,
 To make thee full fraught Men, the best endued
 With some Suspicion, I will weep for thee.
 For this Revolt of mine methinks is like
 Another Fall of Man. Their Faults are open,
 Arrest them to the Answer of the Law,
 And God acquit them of their Practices.

Enc.

Exc. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name
of *Richard Earl of Cambridge.*

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of
Thomas Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the Name of
Thomas Gray, Knight of Northumberland,

Scroop. Our Purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my Fault more than my Death:
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my Body pay the Price of it.

Cam. For me the Gold of *France* did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a Motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But, God be thank'd for Prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice for,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoice,
At the Discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Than I do at this Hour joy o'er my self,
Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My Fault but not my Body, pardon, Sovereign,

K. Hen. God quit you in his Mercy; hear your Sen-
You have conspir'd against our Royal Person, (tence;
Join'd with an Enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receiv'd the golden Earnest of our Death; (fers,
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to Servitude,
His Subjects to Oppression and Contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into Desolation:
Touching our Person, seek we no Revenge,
But we our Kingdom's Safety must so tender,
Whose Ruin you three sought, that to her Laws,
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable Wretches, to your Death;
The Taste whereof God of his Mercy give
You patience to endure, and true Repentance
Of all your dear Offence. Bear them hence. [*Ex.*
Now, Lords, for *France*, the Enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,

Since

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous Treason lurking in our way,
 To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
 But every rub is smoothed in our way:
 Then forth, dear Country-men; let us deliver
 Our Puissance into the Hand of God,
 Putting it straight in Expedition.
 Chearly to Sea, the signs of War advance,
 No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostels.

Host. Prethee Honey, sweet Husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Pistol. No, for my manly Heart dothe yern, *Bardolph*, be blith: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, brittle thy Courage up; for *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him where'some'er he is, either in Heav'n, or in Hell.

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in Hell; he's in *Arthur's Bosom*, if ever Man when to *Arthur's Bosom*; he made a finer end, and went away and it had been any Christom Child; a parted even just between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th' Tide; for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and simile upon his Fingers end, I knew there was but one way; for his Nose was as sharp as a Pen, and a Table of green Fields. How now, Sir *John*? quoth I. What Man? be a good Cheer; so a cried out, God, God, God, three or four times: Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God. I hop'd there was no need trouble himself with any such Thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his Feet: I put my Hand into the Bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a Stone: Then I felt to his Knees, and so upward and upward; and all was as cold as any Stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of Sack.

Host. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Host. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that a did, and said, they were Devils Incarnate.

B

Host.

Hof. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hof. A did in some sort, indeed, handle Women; but then he was rheumatick and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember a saw a Flea stick upon *Bardolph's* Nose, and said it was a black Soul-burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that Fire: That's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we shogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables; let Senfes rule; the word is, pitch and pay; trust none for Oaths are Straws, Mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold fast is the only Dog; my Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counsellor. Go, clear thy Christs. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horse-leeches, my Boys, to suck, to suck, the very Blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholsome Food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft Mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let Houf-wifery appear; keep close, I the command.

Hof. Farewel; adieu.

Exeunt.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the *English* with full Power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer Royally in our Defences,
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant*, and *Orleans* shall make forth,
And you, Prince *Dauphin*, with all swift dispatch;
To line and new repair our Towns of War
With Men of Courage, and with Means defendant:
For *England* his Approaches makes as fierce
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As Fear may teach us, out of late Examples,

Left

Left by the fatal and neglected *English*,
Upon our Fields.

Dau. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the Foe :
For Peace it self should not so dull a Kingdom,
(Tho' War, nor no known Quarrel were in quest.)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a War in Expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of *France* :
And let us do it with no shew of Fear ;
No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
Were busied with a *Whitson* Morris-dance :
For, my good Liege, she is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so fantasticaly horn,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Con. O Peace, Prince *Dauphin*;
You are too much mistaken in this King :
Question your Grace the late Ambassadors,
With what great State he heard their Embassie,
How well supply'd with Noble Counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant Resolution :
And you shall find his Vanities fore-spent
Were but the out-side of the *Roman Brutus*,
Covering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide those Roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High-Constable,
But tho' we think it so, it is no matter :
Incauses of Defence, 'tis best to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the Proportions of Defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly Projection,
Doth, like a Miser, spoil his Coat with scanting
A little Cloath.

Fr. King. Think we King *Harry* strong ;
And Princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him,

The Kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us:
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
 That haunted us in our familiar Paths;
 Witness our too much memorable Shame,
 When *Cressy* Battel fatally was struck,
 And all our Princes captiv'd by the Hand
 Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
 While that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain standing,
 Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
 Saw his Heroick Seed, and smil'd to see him
 Margle the Work of Nature, and deface
 The Patterns that by God and by *French* Fathers
 Had twenty Years been made. This is a Stem
 Of that victorious Stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry* King of *England*?
 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present Audience.
 Go, and bring them.

You see this Chase is hotly follow'd, Friends.

Dau. Turn Head, and stop pursuit; for Coward Dogs
 Most spend their Mouths, when what they seem to threaten
 Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
 Take up the *English* short, and let them know
 Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
 Self love, my Liege, is not so vile a Sin,
 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our Brother of *England*.

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:
 He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
 That you divest your self, and lay apart
 The borrowed Glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
 By Law of Nature, and of Nations, 'longs
 To him and to his Heirs; namely, the Crown,
 And all wide stretched Honours that pertain,
 By Custom and the Ordinance of Times,
 Unto the Crown of *France*. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Claim,

Pick'd

Pick'd from the Worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of Old Oblivion rak'd,
 He sends you this most memorable Line,
 In every Branch truly demonstrative,
 Willing you over-look his Pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous Ancestors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
 Your Crown and Kingdom indirectly held
 From him, the native and true Challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the Crown
 Even in your Hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And therefore in fierce Tempest is he coming,
 In Thunder and in Earthquake, like a *Jove*:
 That if requiring fail, he will compell.
 He bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the Crown, and to take Mercy
 On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
 Opens his vasty Jaws: and on your Head
 Turning the Widows Tears, the Orphans Cries,
 The dead Mens Blood, the privy Maidens Groans,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controversie.
 This is his Claim, his Threatning, and my Message;
 Unless the *Dauphin* be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring Greeting too.

Fr. King. For us we will consider of this further:
 To morrow shall you bear this full intent
 Back to our Brother of *England*.

Da. For the *Dauphin*,
 I stand here for him; what to him from *England*?

Exe. Scorn and Defiance, slight Regard, Contempt,
 And any thing that may not mil-become
 The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my King; and if your father's Highness
 Do not in grant of all Demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That Caves and womby Vaultages of *France*
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my Father tender fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but Odds with *England*; to that end,
As matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the *Paris* Balls.

Exe. He'll make your *Paris* *Louver* shake for it,
Were it the Mistress Court of mighty *Europe* :
And be assur'd you'll find a difference,
As we, his Subjects, have in wonder found,
Between the Promise of his greener days
And these he Masters now ; now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain, that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in *France*.

Fr. King. To morrow you shall know our minds at full.
[*Flourish.*]

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this Land already. (tions,

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair Condi-
A Night is but small breath, and little pause
To answer matters of this Consequence. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

THUS with imagin'd Wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of less Celerity,
Than that of Thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed King at *Dover* Peer,
Embark his Royalty; and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phœbus* fanning;
Play your Fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship Boys climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth Order give

To

To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaten Sails,
 Born with th' invisible and creeping Wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd Sea,
 Breasting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
 You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
 A City on th' inconstant Billows dancing ;
 For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
 Holding due course to *Harfleur*. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your Minds to sternage of this Navy.
 And leave your *England* as dead Midnight, still,
 Guarded with Grandfires, Babies and old Women,
 Either past; or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn Cavaliers to *France*?
 Work, work your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
 Behold the Ordnance on their Carriages,
 With fatal Mouths gaping on girded *Harfleur*.
 Suppose th' Ambassador from the *French* comes back,
 Tells *Harry*, that the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable Dukedoms.
 The Offer likes not; and the nimble Gunner
 With Lynstock now the Devilish Cannon touches.

[Alarm, and Chambers go off.]

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And each out our performance with your Mind. [Exit.
 Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester with
 scaling Ladders as before *Harfleur*.

K. Henry. Once more unto the Breach,
 Dear Friends, once more;
 Or close the Wall up with our *English* dead:
 In Peace there's nothing so becomes a Man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of War blows in our Ears,
 Then imitate the Actions of the Tyger;
 Stiffen the Sinews, summon up the Blood,
 Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage;
 Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the Portage of the Head,

Like the Brass Cannon, let the Brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled Rock
 O'er-bang and juttie his confounded Base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful Ocean.
 Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostril wide,
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
 To his full height. On you noblest *English*;
 Whose Blood is set from Fathers of War-Proof;
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have in these Parts from Morn'till Even fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords for lack of Argument;
 Dishonour not your Mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers did beget you.
 Be Copy now to Men of grosser Blood,
 And teach them how to War; and you good Yeomen,
 Whose Limbs were made in *England*, shew us here
 The mettle of your Pasture: Let us swear,
 That you are worth your Breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your Eyes.
 I see you stand like Greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the Start. The Game's a-foot,
 Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
 Cry, God, for *Harry, England, and St. George.*

[*Alarm and Chambers go off.*]

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee, Corporal, stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain Song of it.

Pist. The plain Song is most just; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come: God's Vassals drop and die; and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth win immortal Fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an Ale-house in *London*, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and Safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail with me, my purpose should not fail with me; but thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on hough.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the Breach you Dogs; avant, you Cullions.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to Men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock, bate thy Rage, use lenity, sweet Chuck.

Nim. These be good humours; your Honour wins bad humours. [Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques do not amount to a Man; for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not; for *Pistol*; he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons; for *Nim*, he hath heard, that Men of few Words are the best Men, and therefore he scorns to say his Prayers; lest a should be thought a Coward; but his few bad Words are matcht with a few good Deeds; for a never broke any Man's head but his own, and that was against a Post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute Case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three half pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworn Brothers in filching; and in *Calice* they stole a fire-shovel. I knew, by that piece of Service, the Men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with Men's pockets as their Gloves and their Handkerchers; which makes much against my Manhood, if I would take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service; their Villany goes against my weak Stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you must come presently to the Mines; the Duke of *Gloucester* would speak with you.

Flu. To the Mines? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mines; for look you, the Mines are not according to the Disciplines of the War; the Cavities of it is not sufficient; for look you, th'athversary, you may discuss

discul's unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yards under the Countermines; by *Cbeshu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of *Gloucester*, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an *Irish* man, a very valiant Gentleman, I'faith.

Flu. It is Captain *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By *Cbeshu* he is an *Afs*, as is in the World, I will verifie as much, in his Beard; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the Wars, look you, of the *Roman* disciplines, than is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorrice and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the *Scots* Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Flu. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous valorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in the auncient Wars, upon my paricular knowledge of his directions; by *Cbeshu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Military Man in the World, in the Disciplines of the pristine Wars of the *Romans*.

Jamy. I say gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. Godden to your Worship, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now, Captain *Mackmorrice*, have you quit the Mines? have the *Pioneers* given o'er?

Mack. By *Chrish*, Law, tis ill done; the Work ish give over, the Trumpet sound the Retreat. By my hand I swear, and by my Father's Soul, the Work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the Town, so *Chrish* save me, law in an hour. O tis ill done, tis ill done; by my Hand tis ill done.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the War, the *Roman* Wars, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my Opinion, and partly for the Satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the Military Discipline, that is the Point.

Jamy.

Jam. It shall be very good, good faith, good Captains bath, and I shall quit you with good leave, as I may pick occasion; that shall I marry.

Mack. It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: The Day is hot, and the Weather, and the Wars, and the King, and the Duke; it is not time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd; and the Trumpet calls us to the Breach, and we talk, and by Christ do nothing, 'tis shame for us all; so God save me 'tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand; and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there is nothing done, so Christ save me law.

Jamy. By the Mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aye do good service, or I'll lie in the ground for it; ay, or go to death? and I'll pay't as valourously as I may, that shall I surely do, the brief and the long; marry, I would full fain heard some question'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Mack. Of my Nation? what is my Nation? Is a Villain, and a Bastard, and a Knave, and a Rascal? What is my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Flu. look you if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall think you do not use me, with that affability, as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a Man as your self both in the disciplines of Wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you so good a Man as my self, so Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other,

Jamy. A, that's a foul fault. [A Parley sounded.]

Gower. The Town sounds a Parley.

Flu. Captain *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the Disciplines of War, and there is an end. [Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry, and his Train before the Gates.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the Governor of the Town? This is the latest Parley we will admit:

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,

Or like to Men proud of destruction,

Defie

Defie us to our worst; for as I am a Soldier
 A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
 If I begin the Batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved *Harfeur*,
 'Till in her Ashes she lie buried.
 The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the flesh'd Soldier, rough and hard of Heart,
 In Liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
 Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious War,
 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
 Do with his smircht Complexion all fell Feats,
 Enlinckt to waste and delolation?
 What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
 If your pure Maidens fall into the Hand
 Of hot and forcing Violation?
 What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
 When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career;
 We may as bootless spend our vain Command
 Upon th'enraged Soldiers in their Spoil,
 As sends Precepts to the *Leviathan*
 To come a-shear. Therefore, you Men of *Harfeur*,
 Take pity of your Town and of your people,
 Whiles yet my Soldiers are in my Command,
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate Wind of Grace
 O'er blows the filthy and contagious Clouds
 Of heady Murther, Spoil and Villany.
 If not; why in a Moment look to see
 The blind and bloody Soldier, with foul hand
 Defile the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters;
 Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
 And their most reverend Heads dashed to the Walls:
 Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,
 While the mad Mothers, with their howls confus'd,
 Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of *Jewry*,
 At *Hercd's* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
 What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governour.

Gov. Our expectation hath this Day an end :

The *Dauphin*, of whom Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raise so great a Siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Meroy:
Enter our Gate, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your Gates: Come Uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter *Harsleur*, there remain,
And fortify it strongly against the *French*:
Use Mercy to them all for us, dear uncle.
The Winter coming on, and Sicknes growing
Upon our Soldiers, we retire to *Calais*.
To Night in *Harsleur* we will be your Guest,
To Morrow for the March we are address.

[Flourish, and enter the Town.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. *Alice*, tu as esté en *Angleterree*, & tu parlois bien
le Language.

Alice. Un peu, Madame.

Kath. Je te prie de m'enseigner, il fant que j'apprenne a
parler. Comment appelle vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appelle, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Kath. Le doyt, me soy je oublie de doyt, mais je me souvien-
dra le doyt, je pense qu'ils ont appelle des fingres, ouy de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres. Je pense
que je suis, le bon escolier.

Kath. F'ay gaigne deux mots d'Anglois viftement, com-
ment appelle vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoutez: dites moy, si je parle bien: de
Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le Clude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je m'en faitz lay repitition de tous les
mots que vous m'avez apprints des a present.

Alice.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, de Bilbow.

Alith. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en cublie d'Elbow, comment apelle vous le col?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin, le col, de Neck: le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous prononciez les mots aussi droit, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par le grace de Dieu & en peu de temps.

Alice. Na'vez vous pas desia oublie ce que je vous ay enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je d'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin: comment appelle vous les pieds & de robe.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, and le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, and le Count: O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont des mots mauvais, coruptible & impudique, & non pour les Damnes d'Honneur d'user: Je ne Voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! Il faut le Foot & le Count, neant moins. Je reciteray un autrefois ma lecon ensemble, de Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, d'Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allens nous en disner. [Exeunt. Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Britain, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. K. 'Tis certain he hath pais'd the River Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, My Lord, ;
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dau. O dieu vivant! shall a few Sprays of us,

The emptying of our Father's Luxury,
Our Syens, put in Wild and Savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over-look their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but Bastard *Normans*, *Norman* Bastards.
Mort de ma vie, if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my Dukedom,
To buy a slobhry and a dirty Farm
In that Hook-shotten Isle of *Albion*.

Con. Dieu de Battailles! Where have they this Mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with Frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barley-Broth,
Docoſt their cold Blood, to such valiant Heat?
And shall our quick Blood spirited with Wine,
Seem frosty? Oh! for the honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Iſicles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frosty People
Sweat Drops of gallant Youth in our rich Fields:
Poor we may call them, in their native Lords.

Dau. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their Bodies to the Lust of *English* Youth,
To New-store *France* with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid us to the *English* Dancing Schools,
And teach *Lavalta's* high, and swift *Curranto's*,
Saying our Grace is only in our Heels,
And that we are most lofty Run-aways,

Fr. King. Where is *Montjoy*, the Herald? speed him hence
Let him greet *England* with our sharp Defiance.
Up Princes, and with Spirit of Honour edg'd,
More sharper than your Swords, hie to the Field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of *France*;
You Duke of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*. *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grandpree*, *Rouſſie*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loy, *Lestrale*, *Beuciquall*, and *Charaloy*,

High

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
 For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our Land
 With Penons painted in the Blood of *Harfleur*:
 Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
 Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat
 The Alps doth spit, and void his Rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a Captive Chariot, into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the Great.
 Sorry am I his Numbers are so few,
 His Soldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
 He'll drop his Heart into the sink of Fear,
 And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransom.

F. King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send,
 To know what willing Ransom he will give,
 Prince *Dauphin*, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth Lord Constable and Princes all;
 And quickly bring us Word of *England's* Fall. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Fluellen. (Bridge?)

Gow. How now, Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
 mitted at the Bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The Duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamen-
 non*, and a Man that I love and honour with my soul, and my
 Heart, and my Duty, and my Life, and my Living, and my
 uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed,
 any hurt in the World. but keeps the bridge most valiantly,
 with excellent Discipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant
 there at the Bridge, I think in my very Conscience he is as
 valiant a Man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a Man of no Esti-
 mation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient *Pistol*.

Gow.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the Man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The Duke of *Exeter* doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise God and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a soldier firm and sound of Heart, and of buxom Valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortune's furious fickle Wheel, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless Stone

Flu. By your patience, ancient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Mussler before her Eyes, to signifie to you, that fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her Foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles; in good Truth, the Poet makes a most excellent Description of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* Foe, and frowns on him; for he hath stolen a *Pax*, and hanged must a be; damned Death; let Gallows gape for Dog, let man go free, and let not Hemp his Wind pipe suffocate; but *Exeter* hath given the Doom of Death for *Pax* of little Price. Therefore go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph's* vital Thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your Meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoyce at; for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good Pleasure, and put him to Execution; for Discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy Friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Fig of *Spain*.

[Exit *Pist.*]

Flu. Very good.

Gow.

Gow. Why this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now; a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utt' red as-prave Words at the Pridge as you shall see in a Summer's Day; but it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool, a Rogue, that now and then goesto the Wars, to grace himself at his return into *London*, under the form of a Soldier; and such Fellows are perfect in the great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by wrote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the Enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the Phrase of War, which they trick up with new-tuned Oaths; and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Suit of the Camp, will do among foaming Bottles, and ale-wash'd Wits, is wonderful to be thought on; but you must learn to know such Slanders of the Age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*; I do perceive he is not the Man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is; if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind; hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. God plets your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: the Duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave Passages; marry, th' athversary was have Possession of the Pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of *Exeter* is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave Man.

K. Henry. What Men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The Perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great; marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a Man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the

the Man: His Face is all Bubukles, and Whelks, and Knobs
and flames a Fire, and his lips blows at his Nose, and it
is like a Coal of Fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red,
but his Nose is executed, and his Fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such Offenders so cut off,
and we give express charge, that in our Marches through
the Country, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages;
nothing taken but paid for; none of the French up-
braided or abused in disdainful Language; for when Leni-
ty and Cruelty play for a Kingdom, the gentler Gamester
is the soonest Winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my Habit.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what shall I know
of thee?

Mount. My Master's Mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus says my King: Say thou to *Harry of Eng-
land*, though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advan-
tage is a better soldier than Rashness. Tell him, we could
have rebuk'd him at *Harfleur*, but that we thought not
good to bruise an Injury, 'till it were full ripe. Now we
speak upon our Cue, and our Voice is imperial: *England*
shall repent his Folly, see his Weakness, and admire our
Sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransom,
which must proportion the Losses we have born, the Sub-
jects we have lost, the Disgrace we have digested; which in
weight to re-answer, his Pettiness would bow under. For
our Losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of
our Blood, the Muster of his Kingdom too faint a Num-
ber; and for our Disgrace, his own person kneeling at our
Feet, but a weak and worthless Satisfaction. To this add
Defiance, and tell him for Conclusion, he hath betray'd his
Followers, whose Condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
my King and Master, so much my Office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy Quality.

Mount. *Mountjoy.*

K. Henry. Thou dost thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King. I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to *Calais*,

Without

Without Impeachment ; for to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no Wisdom to confels so much,
 Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
 My People are with Sicknes much enfeebled,
 My Numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
 Almost no better than so many *French* ;
 Who when they were in Health, I tell thee, Herald,
 I thought, upon one pair of *English* Legs,
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. Yet forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus ; this your Air of *France*
 Hath blown that Vice in me ; I must repent.
 Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am ;
 My Ransom is this frail and worthless Trunk ;
 My Army but a weak and sickly Guard :
 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though *France* himself, and such another Neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy Labour *Mountjoy*.
 Go bid thy Master well advise himself,
 If we may pass, we will ; if we be hindred,
 We shall your tawny Ground with your red Blood
 Discolour ; and so *Mountjoy* fare you well.
 The sum of all our Answer is but this ;
 We would not seek a Battle, as we are,
 Nor as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
 So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness. [Exit.]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs:
 March to the Bridge, it now draws toward Night,
 Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves,
 And on to morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans,
 Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World ; would
 it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour ; but let my Horse
 have his due.

Con. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be Morning ?

Das.

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dau. What a long night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four Pasterns; ch'ha; he bounds from the Earth, as if his Entrails were hairs; *Le Cheval volant*, the *Pegasus*, *qu'il a les narines de feu*. When he bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk; he trots the Air; the Earth sings, when he touches it; the basest horn of his Hoof is more Musical than the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the Colour of a Nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*; he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stilness while his Rider amounts him; he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Scalls.

Com. Indeed my Lord: it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

Dau. It is the Prince of Palfreys, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his Countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more, Cousin.

Dau. Nay, the Man hath no wit, that cannot from the singing of the Lark to the Lodging of the Lamb, vary deserved praise on my Palfrey; it is a Theme as fluent as the sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent Tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all; 'tis a Subject for a Sovereign to reason on, and for a Sovereign's Sovereign to ride on; and for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praise and began thus, *Wonder of Nature* —

Orl. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that, which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistress.

Orl. Your Mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well, which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular Mistress.

Com.

Con. Nay, for methought Yesterday your Mistrefs shrewdly shook your Back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Con. You have good Judgment in Horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then; they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul Bogs; I had rather have my Horse to my Mistrefs.

Con. I had as lieve have my Mistrefs a Jade.

Dau. I tell thee Constable, my Mistrefs wears his own Hair.

Con. I could make as true a Boast as that, If I had a Sow to my Mistrefs.

Dau. *Le chieu est retourné à son propre vomissement, & la truie lavée au boubier*; thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my Horse for my Mistrefs, or any such Proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to Night, are those Stars or Surs upon it?

Con. Stars, my Lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Ev'n as your Horse bears your Praises, who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his defence Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a Mile, and my way shall be paved with *English* Faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were Morning, for I would faine be about the Ears of the *English*.

Ram. Who will go to Hazard with me for twenty Prisoners?

Con. You must first go your self to Hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis Mid-night, I'll go arm my self.

[Exit
On

Orl. The *Dauphin* longs for Morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the *English*.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Con. Swear by her Foot, that she might tread out the Oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to morrow; he will keep that good Name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry he told me so himself, and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden Virtue in him.

Con. By my Faith, Sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his Lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will abate.

Orl. Ill-will never said well.

Con. I will cap the Proverb with, *There is Flattery in Friendship*.

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the Devil his due*.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your Friend for the Devil; have at the very Eye of that Proverb with, *A Pox of the Devil*.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a *Fool's Bolt is soon shot*.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the *English* lye within fifteen hundred Paces of your Tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the Ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

Con.

Con. A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry of England*; he longs not for the Dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish Fellow is this King of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd Followers so far out of his Knowledge.

Con. If the *English* had any Apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear such heavy Head-pieces.

Ram. That Island of *England* breeds very valiant Creatures; their Mastiffs are of unmatchable Courage.

Orl. Foolish Curs, that run winking into the Mouth of a *Russian* Bear, and have their Heads crush'd like rotten Apples; you may as well say, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eat his Breakfast on the Lip of a Lion.

Con. Just, just; and the Men do sympathize with the Mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives; and then give them great Meals of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orl. Ay, but these *English* are shrewdly out of Beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow, they have only Stomach to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is not two a Clock; but let me see by ten We shall have each a hundred *Englishmen*. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

NOW entertain Conjecture of a Time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.

That

That the fixt Centinels almost receive
 The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
 Fire answers Fire, and through their paly Flames
 Each Battle sees the others umber'd face.
 Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastful Neighs
 Piercing the Night's dull Ear; and from the Tents
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation.
 The country Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towl,
 And the third Hour of drowsy Morning nam'd,
 Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
 The confident and over-lusty *French*,
 Do the low-rated *English* play at Dice:
 And chide the cripple-tardy-gated Night,
 Who like a foul and ugly Witch do's limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned *English*,
 Like Sacrifices, by their watchful Fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminat
 The Morning's Danger: and their Gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing Moon
 So many horrid Ghosts. O now who will behold
 The royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
 Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
 Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his Head:
 For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
 And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Country-men.
 Upon his Royal Face there is no Note,
 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
 Nor doth he Dedicate one jot of Colour
 Unto the weary and all watched Night:
 But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
 With chearful Semblance, and sweet Majesty:
 That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks Comfort from his Looks,
 A Largels universal, like the Sun,
 His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold Fear, that mean and gentle all

C

Behold,

Behold, as may Unworthiness define,
 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night.
 And so our Scene must to the Battle fly:
 Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils
 (Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
 The Name of *Agincourt*. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be. [Exit.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Henry. Glo'ster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
 The greater therefore should our Courage be.
 Good morrow, Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
 There is some Soul of Goodness in things Evil,
 Would Men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad Neighbour makes us early Stirrers,
 Which is both Healthful, and good Husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
 And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
 And make a Moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head
 Were better, than a churlish Turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

K. Henry. 'Tis good for Men to love their present Pain,
 Upon Example, so the Spirit is eased:
 And when the Mind is quickened, out of doubt
 The Organs, though Defunct and Dead before,
 Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
 With casted slough, and fresh celerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
 Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
 Do my good-morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Glo. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Henry. No, my good Knight:

King HENRY V.

51

Go with my Brothers to my Lords of *England*:
I and my Bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other Company.

Erping. The Lord in Heav'n bleſs thee, noble *Harry*.]

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God a Mercy, old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chear-
fully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Henry. A Friend.

Pist. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe,
common and popular?

K. Henry. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant Pike?

K. Henry. Even ſo: What are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Imp of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt
moſt valiant: I kiſs his dirty Shooe, and from Heart-
ſtring I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

K. Henry. *Harry le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a *Cornish* Name: Art thou of *Cornish* Crew?

K. Henry. No, I am a *Welchman*.

Pist. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen*?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his Leek about his Pate upon
St. David's Day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap
that Day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his Friend?

K. Henry. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

K. Henry. I thank you: God be with you.

Pist. My Name is *Pistol* call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. It ſorts well with your *Fierceneſs*.

[*Manet King Henry.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain *Fluellen*.

Flu. So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer: It is the greatest Admirat[i]on in the universal World, when the true and auncient Prerogatives and Laws of the Wars is not kept: If you would take the Pains but to examine the Wars of *Pompey* the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey's* Camp: I warrant you, you shall find the Ceremonies of the wars, and the Cares of it, and the Forms of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the Enemy is loud, you hear him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemy is an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an Ass, and a Fool, and a prating Coxcomb, in your own Conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt*]

K. Henry. Tho' it appear a little out of fashion, There is much Care and Valour in this *Welchman*.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great Cause to desire the Approach of Day.

Williams. We see yonder the Beginning of the Day, but I think we shall never see the End of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A Friend,

Will. Under what Captain serve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir *John Erpingham*.

Will. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our Estate?

K. Henry. Even as Men wrack'd upon a Sand, that look to be wash'd off the next Tide.

Bates. He hath not told his Thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he should: For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a Man, as I am;

The

The Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his Senses have but human Conditions. His Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedness he appears but a Man; and tho' his Affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop they stoop with the like Wing; therefore, when he sees reason of Fears, as we do, his Fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no Man should possess him with any appearance of Fear; lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward Courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the *Thames* up to the Neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all Adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my Conscience of the King; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor Mens Lives saved.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill to wish him here alone; howsoever, you speak this to feel other Mens Minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's Company; his Cause being just, and his Quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects: If his Cause be wrong, our Obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the Cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all those Legs, and Arms, and Heads chop'd off in a Battel, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at such a Place*; some Swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some upon their Wives left poor behind them; some upon the Debts they owe; some upon their Children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in Battel; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when Blood is their Argument? Now, if these Men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to disobey, were against all proportion of Subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a Son, that by his Father sent about Merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the Sea, the imputation of his Wickedness, by your Rule, should be imposed upon his Father that sent him; or if a Servant under his Master's Command, transporting a sum of Money, be assail'd by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities, you may call the business of the Master the Author of the Servants Damnation; but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Soldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Master of his Servant, for they purpose not their Death, when they purpose their Services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the Arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unspotted Soldiers: Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murder; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seals of Perjury; some, making the Wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Bosom of Peace with Pillage and Robbery. Now if these Men have defeated the Law, and out-run Native Punishment; though they can out-strip Men, they have no Wings to fly from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance; so that here Men are punish'd, for before breach of the King's Laws, in now the King's Quarrel; where they feared the Death, they have born Life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their Damnation, than he was before guilty of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subject's Duty is the King's, but every Subject's Soul is his own. Therefore should every Soldier in the Wars do as every sick Man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes it were not sin to think that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his Greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every Man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own Head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. I my self heard the King say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight chearfully; but when our Throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous shot out of an Elder-Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a Monarch; you may as well go about to turn the Sun to Ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacock's Feather: You'll never trust his Word after! Come, 'tis a foolish Saying,

K. Henry. Your Reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap; if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, my this Hand I will give thee a Box on the Ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, tho' I take thee in the King's Company.

Will. Keep thy Word: Fare thee well.

Bates. Be Friends, you *English* Fools, be Friends; we have *French* Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon

Exeunt Soldiers.

K. Henry. Indeed, the *French* may lay twenty *French* Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their Shoulders; but it is no *English* Treason to cut *French* Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper. Upon the King! let us, our Lives, our Souls, Our Debts, our carefull Wives, our Children, and

Our Sins, lay on the King ; he must bear all.
 O hard Condition, twin-born with Greatness,
 Subject to the Breath of every Fool, whose Sense
 No more can feel, but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
 That private Men enjoy !
 And what have Kings that Privates have not too,
 Save Ceremony, save general Ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony ?
 What kind of God art thou ? that suffer'st more
 Of mortal Grievs than do thy Worshippers.
 What are thy Rents ? What are thy Comings in ?
 O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth :
 What ! is thy Soul of Adoration ?
 Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
 Creating awe and fear in other Men ?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
 But poyson'd Flattery ? O be sick, great Greatness,
 And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery Feaver will go out
 With Titles blown from Adulation ?
 Will it give Place to flexure and low bending ?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggars knee;
 Command the Health of it ? No, thou proud Dream,
 Thou play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
 I am a King that find thee ; and I know,
 'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
 The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
 The farfed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he sits on ; nor the Tide of Pomp,
 That beats upon the high shoar of this World :
 No, not all these thrice gorgeous Ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in Bed Majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched Slave :
 Who, with a Body fill'd, and vacant Mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful Bread,
 Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:

But

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweats in the Eye of *Phæbus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elysium*; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help *Hyperion* to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running Year
With profitable Labour to his Grave:
And, but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
Winding up days with Toil, and Nights with Sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The Slave, a Member of the Country's Peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What Watch the King keeps to maintain the Peace;
Whose Hours the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your Absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

K. Henry. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent; I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

K. Henry. O God of Battles steel my Soldier's Hearts,
Possess them not with Fear. Take from them now
The Sense of Reck'ning of th'opposed Numbers:
Pluck their Hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the Fault
My Father made in compassing the Crown.
I *Richard's* Body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite Tears
Than from it issued forced Drops of Blood.
Five hundred Poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a Day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon Blood:
And I have built two Chuntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard's* Soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitent comes after all,
Imploring Pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. My Liege.

K. Henry. My Brother *Gloster's* Voice?

C 5

I know

I know thy Errand, I will go with thee :

The Day, my Friend, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up, my Lords.

Dau. Monte Cheval : My Horse, Valet Lacquay : Ha!

Orl. Oh brave Spirit !

Dau. *Voyez les Cieux & la terre.*

Orl. *Rien puis le air & few.*

Dau. *Cien, Cousin Orleans.*

Enter Constable.

Now my Lord Constable !

Con. Hark how our Steeds for present Service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make Incision in their Hides,
That their hot Blood may spin in *English* Eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous Courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses Blood?
How shall we then behold their natural Tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mes. The *English* are embattel'd, you *French* Peers.

Con. To Horse, you gallant Princes, streight to Horse,
Do but behold yond poor and starved Band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their Souls,
Leaving them but the shales and Husks of Men.
There is not work enough for all our Hands,
Scarce Blood enough in all their sickly Veins,
To give each naked Curtie-ax a stain,
That our *French* Gallants shall to day draw out,
And sheath for lack of Sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'er-turn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords,
That our superfluous Lacqueys and our Peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squates of Battel, were now
To purge this Field of such a hilding Poe.
Tho' we upon this Mountain's Basis by
Took stand, for idle Speculation:
But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do;
And all is done; then let the Trumpets sound
The Tucket sonuance, and the Note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the Field,
That *England* shall couch down in Fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Gran. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of *France*?
Yond Island Carrions, desperate of their Bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the Morning Field:
Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully,
Big *Mars* seems bankrupt in their beggar'd Host,
And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps.
The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,
With Torch-Staves in their Hand; and their poor Jades
Lob down their Heads, drooping the Hide and Hips:
The Gum down roping from their pale-dead Eyes,
And in their pale dull Mouths the Jymold Bitt
Lyes foul with chaw'd Grass, still and motionless;
And their Executors, the knavish Crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their Hour.
Description cannot suit it self in Words,
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel,
In life so liveless as it shews it self.

Con. They have said their Prayers,
And they stay for Death.

Dau. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Suites,
And give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my Guard: On to the Field;
I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we out-wear the Day. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all the
Host, Salisbury and Westmorland.

Glo. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

West. Of fighting Men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.

Sal. God's Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you Princes all; I'll to my Charge:
If we no more meet 'till we meet in Heaven,

Then

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of *Bedford*,
My dear Lord *Gloster*, and my good Lord *Exeter*,
And my kind Kinsmen, Warriors all adieu.

Bed. Farewel, good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with thee:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of Valour.

Exe. Farewel, kind Lord: Fight valiantly to day [*Ex. Sal.*

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those Men in *England*,
That do not work to Day.

K. Henry. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin *Westmoreland*? No, my fair Cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our Country loss; and if to live,
The fewer Men the greater share of Honour.
God's Will, I pray thee wish not one Man more.
By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold,
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:
It yerns me not, if Men my Garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the most offending Soul alive.
No, faith, my Coz, wish not a Man from *England*:
God's Peace, I would not lose so great an Honour,
As one Man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it (*Westmoreland*) through my Host,
That he which hath no Stomach to this Fight,
Let him depart, his Passport shall be made,
And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse:
We would not die in that Man's Company
That fears his Fellowship to die with us.
This Day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*:
He that out-lives this Day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouze him at the Name of *Crispian*:
He that shall see this Day, and live old Age,

Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours,
 And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*:
 Then will he strip his Sleeve, and shew his Scars:
 Old Men forget; yet all shall not be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What Feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his Mouth as household words,
Harry the King, *Bedford*, and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Gloster*,
 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
 This Story shall the good Man teach his Son:
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall ne'er go by,
 From this Day to the ending of the World,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of Brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his Blood with me,
 Shall be my Brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This Day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in *England* now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurst they were not here;
 And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
 That fought with us upon *St. Crispian's Day*.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Sovereign Lord, bestow yourself with Speed:
 The *French* are bravely in the Battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready if our Minds be so.

West. Perish the Man whose Mind is backward now.

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from *England*;
 Coz?

West. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal Battle.

K. Henry. Why now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
 Which likes me better than to wish us one. [Men:
 You know your Places; God be with you all.

A Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, *King Harry*,
 If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow:
 For certainly thou art so near the Gulf,

Thou

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy Followers of Repentance ; that their Souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these Fields ; where, Wretches, their poor Bodies
 Must lye and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mount. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee bear my former Answer back,
 Bid them atchieve me, and then sell my Bones.
 Good God ! why should they mock poor Fellows thus ?
 The Man that once did sell the Lion's Skin
 While the Beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 And many of our Bodies shall, no doubt,
 Find native Graves ; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in Brass of this Day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant Bones in France,
 Dying like Men, tho' buried in your Dunghils,
 They shall be fam'd ; for there the Sun shall greet them
 And draw their Honours reeking up to Heaven,
 Leaving their earthly Parts to choak your Clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
 Mark then abounding Valour in our English :
 That being dead, like to the Bullets grasing,
 Break out into a second course of Mischief,
 Killing in relapse of Mortality.
 Let me speak proudly ; tell the Constable,
 We are but Warriors for the working Day ;
 Our Gayness and our Gilt are all be-smirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful Field.
 There's not a piece of Feather in our Host ;
 Good Argument, I hope, we will not flye :
 And Time hath worn us into slovenry
 But, by the Mass, our Hearts are in the trim :
 And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet ere Night
 They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 The gay new Coats o'er the French Soldiers Heads,
 And turn them out of Service. If they do this,
 And if God please they shall, my Ransom then
 Will soon be levied.

Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for Ransom, gentle Herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my Joints:
Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mon. I shall, King Harry: And so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear Herald any more. *(Exit.)*

K. Henry. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ransom.

Entré York

Tork. My Lord, most humbly on my Knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave *Tork.*

Now Soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, Cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentill-homme de bone qualite.*

Pist. Quality clamy culture me, Art thou a Gentleman?
What is thy Name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: Perpend
my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur
Dewe, thou diest on point of Fox, except, O Signieur,
thou do give to me egregious Ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O prenez misericorde, ayez pitie de moy.*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty Moys; for
I will fetch thy rym out at thy Throat, in drops of Crim-
son Blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass, Cur? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
tain Goat, offer'st me Brass?

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy.*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Ton of Moys?

Come hither, Boy, ask me this Slave in *French*, what is his
Name.

Boy. *Escoute comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his Name is Mr. *Fer*

Pist.

Pist. Mr. Fer ! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him; Discuss the same in *French* unto him.

Boy. I do not know the *French* for fer, and ferret, and ferk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his Throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, Monsieur ?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez prest, car ce soldat icy est disposée tout a cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafory peasant, unless thou give me Crowns, brave Crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.

Fr. Sol. *O je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, je suis Gentilhomme de bonne maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous d'anneray deux cents escus.*

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his Life, he is a Gentleman of a good Houſe, and for his Ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my Fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit Monsieur que dit-il ?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier : neant moins pour les escus que vout l'ay promettez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je voux donne milles remerciemens, & je me estime heureux que je suis tombè entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, & tres estimeè Signeur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath fal'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signeur of England.

Pist. As I suck Blood, I will some Mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. *Suivez le grand Capitain.*

I did never know so woful a Voice issue from so empty a Heart; but the Song is true, the empty Vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more Valour

four than this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his Nails with a wooden Dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay wth the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the *French* might have a good Prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to Guard it but Boys.

[Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin and Ram-
Con. O Diable!

[bures.

O la. O Signeur! le jour est perdu, toute est perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all,

Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

[A short Alarm.

O meschante Fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why, all our Ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:

Be these the Wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to for his Ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us fly in once more back again,

And he that will not follow *Bourbon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his Cap in hand,

Like a base Pander, hold the Chamber-door,

Whilst by a base Slave no gentler than my Dog,

His fairest Daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, Friend us now.

Let us on heaps go offer up our Lives.

Orl. We are a now yet living in the Field,

To smother up the *English* in our Throngs

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The Devil take Order now, I'll to the throng;

Let Life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter the King and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant Countryman,

But all's not done, yet keep the *French* in the Field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good Uncle; thrice within this

hour

I saw him down? thrice up again, and fighting:

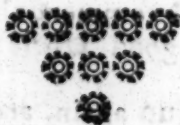
From Helmet to the Spur all Blood he was.

Exc.

Exe. In which array, brave Soldier, doth he lye
Larding the Plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoak-fellow to his Honour-owing Wounds)
The Noble Earl of *Suffolk* also lyes.

Suffolk first died, and *Turk* all haged over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his Face,
He cries aloud: Tarry, my Cousin *Suffolk*,
My Soul shall thine keep Company to Heaven:
Tarry, sweet Soul, for mine, then fly a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten Field
We kept together in our Chevalry.
Upon these Words I came, and cheer'd him up;
He smil'd me in the Face, caught me in his Hand,
And with a feeble gripe, says, dear my Lord,
Commend my Service to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over *Suffolk's* Neck
He threw his wounded Arm, and kiss his Lips,
And so espous'd to Death, with Blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending Love:
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those Waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
But I had not so much of Man in me,
And all my Mother came into mine Eyes,
And gave me up to Tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not,
For hearing this I must perforce compound
With mixtful Eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarm.
But hark, what new Alarm is this same?
The *French* have re-inforc'd their scatter'd Men:
Then every Soldier kill his Prisoners.
Give the Word through. [Exeunt



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. **K**ill the poyes and the luggage, 'tis expressly against the Law of Arms, 'tis asarrant a piece of Knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the cowardly Rascals that ran away from the Battle ha' done this Slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every Soldier to cut his Prisoner's Throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth*, Captain *Gower*; what call you the Town's Name, where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn: I tell you, Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant that you shall find in the comparilions between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the Situations, look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is called *Wye* at *Monmouth*; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River, but 'tis all one, 'tis aslike as my fingers to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexander's* Life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* Life is come after it indifferent well, for there is Figures in all things. *Alexander*, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths,

wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in, his prains, did in his Ales and his Angers, look you, kill his best Friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his Friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the Tales out of my Mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the Figures, and Comparisons of it; as *Alexander* kill'd his Friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups, so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits, and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly Doublet; he was full of jest, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his Name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you, there is good Men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with Prisoners, Lords and Attendants. *Fleurish*

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to *France*, Untill this instant. Take a Trumpet, Herald, Ride thou unto the Horsemen on yond Hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the Field; they do offend our fight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them sker away, as swift as Stones. Enforced from the old *Assyrian* Slings: Besides, we'll cut the Throats of those we have, And not a Man of them that we shall take, Shall taste our Mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glo. His Eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st thou not.

That I have sin'd these Bones of mine for Ransom?

Com'st thou again for Ransom?

Mount. No, great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That

That we may wonder o'er this bloody Field,
 To book our dead, and then to bury them:
 To sort our Nobles from our common Men;
 For many of our Princes, woe the while,
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary Blood:
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant Limbs
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded Steeds
 Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead Masters,
 Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
 To view the Field in Safety, and dispose
 Of their dead Bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, Herald,
 I know not if the Day be ours or no,
 For yet a many of your Horsemen peer,
 And gallop o'er the Field.

Mount. The Day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:
 What is this Castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it *Agincourt*.

K. Henry. Then call we this the Field of *Agincourt*.
 Fought on the Day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous Memory, an't please
 your Majesty, and your great Uncle *Edward* the Plack
 Prince of *Wales*, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought
 a most prave pattle here in *France*.

K. Henry. They did, *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty says very true: If your Majesties is
 remembred of it, the *Welchmen* did good service in a Gar-
 den where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Mon-*
mouth Caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an
 honourable Padge of the service; and I do believe your Ma-
 jesty takes no scorn to waer the Leek upon *St. Tavia's* day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour:
 For I am *Welch*, you know, good Countryman.

Flu. All the Water in *Wye* cannot wash your Majes-
 ties *Welsh* plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; God
 pless, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and
 his Majesty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good Countryman.

Flu.

Flu. By Jehu, I am your Majesty's Countryman, I care not who know it : I will confess it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest Maq.

K. Henry. God keep me so.

Enter William.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the Numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder Fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, it is the Gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An *Englishman*?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a Rascal that swagger'd with me last Night ; who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a Box o'th' ear ; or if I can see my Glove in his Cap, which he swore as he was a soldier he would wear, (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this Soldier keep his Oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain else, and't please your Majesty, in my Conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his Enemy is a Gentleman of great Sort, quite from the Answer of his Degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the Devil is as *Lucifer* and *Belzebub* himself ; it is necessary, look you Grace, that he keep his Vow and his Oath : If he be perjur'd, see you now, his Reputation is as arrant as a Villain and a Jack sawce, as ever his black shoo trod upon God's Ground, and his Earth, in my Conscience, Law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy Vow, Sirrah, when thou meet'st the Fellow.

Will. So I will my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the Wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, Soldier.

Will. I will, my Liege.

[Exit.

K. Henry. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this Favour for me, and stick it in thy Cap; when *Alanson* and my self were down together, I pluck'd this Glove from his Helm; if any Man challenge this, he is a Friend to *Alanson*, and an Enemy to our Persons; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great Honours, as can be desir'd in the Hearts of his Subjects: I would fain see the Man, that has but two Legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this Glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his Grace that I might see.

K. Henry. Know'st thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear Friend, and please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go seek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the Heels, The Glove which I have given him for a Favour May haply purchase him a Box o'th' Ear, It is the Soldier's; I by Bargain should Wear it my self. Follow, good Cousin *Warwick* If that the Soldier strike him, as I judge By this blunt bearing, he will keep his Word; Some sudden mischief may arise of it: For I do know *Fluellen* valiant, And touch'd with Choler hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will return an Injury. Follow, and see there be no harm between them. Go you with me, Uncle of *Exeter*.

[Exeunt.

Enter *Gower* and *Williams*.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter *Fluellen*.

Flu. God's Will, and his Pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: There is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your Knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him.

Flu.

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant Traitor as any's in the Univerſal World, in *France*, or in *England*.

Gower. How now, Sir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain *Gower*, I will give Treason his payment into Plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majesty's Name apprehend him, he's a Friend of the Duke *Alanſon's*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praised be God for it, a moſt contagious Treason come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summer's Day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitor, that look your Grace, ha's ſtruck the Glove which your Majesty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the Fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his Cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did, I met this Man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my Word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, ſaving your Majesty's Manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowſie Knave it is, I hope your Majesty is pear me Teſtimony and Witneſs, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanſon*, that your Majesty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy Glove, Soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I indeed thou promis'dſt to ſtrike,
And thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. And pleaſe your Majesty, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marſhal Law in the World.

K. Henry. How canſt thou make me Satisfaction?

Will. All Offences, my Lord, come from the Heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen

K. Hen. It was our self thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself? you appeared to me but as a common Man; Witness the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your Highness suffer'd under that Shape, I beseech you take it for your Fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no Offence; therefore I beseech your Highness pardon me,

K. Hen. Here, Uncle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with And give it to this Fellow. Keep it Fellow, (Crowns, And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap, 'Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:

And, Captain, you must needs be Friends with him.

Flu. By this Day, and this Light, the Fellow has mettle enough in his Body; hold, there is Twelvepence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of Prawls and Prabbles, and Quarrels and Dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good Will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your Shoos; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your Shoos is not so good? 'tis a good Silling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Hen. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd *French*.

K. Hen. What Prisoners of good sort are taken, Uncle?

Exe. *Charles Duke of Orleans*, Nephew to the King; *John Duke of Bourbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common Men.

K. Hen. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand *French*, That in the Field lye slain of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twenty six; added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred: of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights; So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And Gentlemen of Blood and Quality.
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatilion, Admiral of France,
 The Master of the Cross-Bows, Lord *Rambures*,
 Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dauphin*,
John Duke of Alenfon, *Antonio Duke of Brabant*,
 The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
 And *Edward Duke of Barr* : Of lusty Earls,
Grandpree and *Rouffie*, *Faulconridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrals*.

Here was a Fellowship of Death.

Where is the Number of our *English* dead ?

Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,

Sir *Richard Ketley*, *Davy Gam* Esquire ;

None else of Name : and of all other Men,
 But five and twenty.

O God thy Arm was here :

And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,

Ascribe we all. When, without Stratagem,

But in plain Shock, and even Play of Battle,

Was ever known so great and little Loss ?

On one part and on th'other, take it, God,

For it is none's, but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful.

K. Hen. Come, go we in Procession to the Village:
 And be it Death proclaimed through our Host,
 To boast of this, or take that Praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Fly. Is it not lawful, and please your Majesty, to
 tell how many is kill'd ?

K. Hen. Yes, Captain ; but with this Acknowledg-
 ment,

That God fought for us.

Fly. Yes, my Conscience, he did us great Good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy Rights ;

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

The dead with Charity enclos'd in Clay :

And then to *Calais*, and to *England* then,

Where ne'er from *France* arriv'd more happy Men.

[*Exeunt.*
 A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' Excuse
Of Time, of Numbers, and due Course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper Life,
But here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Calais*: Grant him there; and there being
seen,

Heave him away upon you winged Thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the *English* Beach
Pales in the Flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boys,
Whose Shouts and Claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King, (Sea,
Seems to prepare his way; so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to *London*.

So swift a Pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-heath*:
Where that his Lords desire him, to have born
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City; he forbids it;
Being free from Vainness, and self glorious Pride:
Giving full Trophy, Signal, and Ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and Working-house of Thought,
How *London* doth pour out her Citizens,
The Mayor, and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senators of th' antique *Rome*,
With the *Plibeians* swarming at their Heels,
Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring *Cesar* in:
As by a lower, but loving Likelihood,
Were now the General of our gracious Empress,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peaceful City quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.

As yet the Lamentation of the *French*
 Invites the King of *England's* Stay at home :
 The Emperor's coming in behalf of *France*,
 To order Peace between them ; and omit
 All the Occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 'Till *Harry's* back Return again to *France* :
 There muſt we bring him, and myſelf have play'd
 The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis paſt.
 Then brook Abridgment, and your Eyes advance,
 After your Thoughts, ſtrait back again to *France*. [Ex.
Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your
 Leek to-day ? *St. David's Day* is paſt.

Flu. There is Occaſions and Cauſes why, and
 wherefore in all things ; I will tell you aſſe a
 Friend, Captain *Gower* ; the rascally, ſcauld, beggar-
 ly, louſie, pragging Knave, *Piſtol*, which you, and
 your ſelf, and all the World know to be no better
 than a Fellow, look you now, of no Merits ; he is
 come to me, and prings me Pread and Salt yeſterday,
 look you, and bid me eat my Leek ; it was in a
 Place were I could not breed no Contention with
 him ; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my Cap,
 till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a
 little Piece of my Deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a Turkey-
 Cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his Turkey
 cocks.

God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtol* : you ſcurvy louſy
 Knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha ! art thou *Bedlam* ? Doſt thou thirſt, baſe
Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* Fatal-web ?
 Hence, I am qualmiſh at the Smell of Leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy Knave,
 at my Deſires. and my Requeſts, and my Petitions,
 to eat, look you, this Leek, becauſe, look you, you
 do not love it, nor your Affection, and your Appa-
 tites, and your Digeltions does not agree with it ; I
 would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. [Strikes him.]

Will you be so good, scald Knave, ai eat it?

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald Knave, when God's Will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Victuals ; come, there is Sauce for it. You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low Degree. I pray you fall to ; if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my Leek, or I will peat his Pate four Days : Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green Wound, and your bloody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Flu. Yes certainly and out of doubt, and out of question too. and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge ; I eat, and eat---- I swear----

Flu. Eat, I pray you, will you have some more Sawce to your Leek : there is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald Knave, heartily. Nay pray you throw none away, the Skin is good for your proken Coxcomb : when you take occasion to see Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, Leeks is good : hold you, there is a Groat to heal your Pate.

Pist. Me a Groat ?

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my Pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy Groat in earnest of Revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels : God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your Pate.

[Exit.]

Pist.

Pist. All Hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave. Will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable Respect, and worn as a memorable Trophy of predeceased Valour, and dare not avouch in your Deeds any of your Words. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak *English* in the native Garb, he could not therefore handle an *English* Cudgel? you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a *Welch* Correction teach you a good *English* Condition, fare ye well. [Exit.]

Pist. Doth Fortune play the Huswife with me now? News have I that my *Dol* is dead i'th' Spittle, of a Malády of *France*, and there my Rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary Limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, Bawd, I'll turn, and something learn to cut-purse of quick Hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'll steal; And Patches will I get unto these cudgel'd Scars, And swore I got them in the *Gallia* Wars. [Exit.]

Enter at one Door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords: at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this Meeting; wherefore are we unto our Brother *France*, and to our Sister, (met: Health and fair time of Day; Joy and good Wishes To our most fair and Princely Cousin *Katharine*; And as a Branch and Member of this Royalty, By whom this great Assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you Duke of *Burgundy*.

And Princes *French* and Peers, Health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your Face. Most worthy Brother *England*, fairly met. So are you Princes *English*, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the Issue, Brother *England*, Of this good Day, and of this gracious Meeting, As we are now glad to behold your Eyes: Your Eyes, which hitherto have born in them Against the *French*, that met them in their Bent, The fatal Balls of murdering Basilisks:

The Venom of such Looks we fairly hope
Have lost their Quality, and that this Day
Shall change all Grievs and Quarrels into Love.

K. Hen. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My Duty to you both, and equal Love;
Great Kings of *France* and *England*. That I have labour'd

With all my Wits, my Pains, and strong Endeavours,
To bring your most Imperial Majesties

Unto this Bar and Royal Interview,
Your Mightinesses on both parts best can Witness.

Since my Office hath so far prevail'd,

That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,

You have congregated: let it not disgrace me,

If I demand before this Royal View,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,

Dear Nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyful Births,

Should not, in this best Garden of the World,

Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Visage?

Alas! she hath from *France* too long been chased,

And all her Husbandry doth lie in Heaps,

Corrupting in its own Fertility.

Her Vine, the merry Chearer of the Heart,

Unprun'd dies: her Hedges even pleach'd,

Like Prisoners wildly overgrown with Hair,

Put forth disorder'd Twigs: Her fallow Leas,

The Darnel, Hemlock, and rank Fumitory,

Doth root upon, while that the Culter rusts,

That should deracinate such Savagery:

The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,

Wanting the Scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by Idleness, and nothing teems,

But hateful Docks, rough Thistles, Kecksies; Burs,

Losing both Beauty and Utility;

And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads and Hedges,

Defective in their Natures, grow to Wildness.

Even so our Houses, and ourselves, and Children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,

The Sciences that should become our Country;
 But grow like Savages, (as Soldiers will,
 That nothing do but mediate on Blood)
 To Swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former Favour,
 You are assembled; and my Speech intreats,
 That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these Inconveniencies,
 And bless us with her former Qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of *Burgundy*, you would the Peace,
 Whose Wart gives Growth to th' Imperfections
 Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace,
 With full accord to all our just Demands,
 Whose Tenures and particular Effects,
 You have enshedul'd briefly in your Hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which, as
 There is no Answer made. (yet,

K. Hen. Well then; the Peace, which you before
 Lyes in his Answer. (so urg'd,

Fr. King. I have but with a cursolary Eye
 O'er-glance the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace,
 To appoint some of your Council presently
 To sit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them: we will suddenly
 Pass our Accept and peremptory Answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, Uncle *Exeter*,
 And Brother *Clarence*, and Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick and *Huntingdon*, go with the King,
 And take with you free Power to ratifie,
 Augment, or alter, as your Wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our Dignity,
 Any thing in or out of our Demands,
 And we will consign thereunto. Will you, fair Sister,
 Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them:
 Haply a Woman's Voice may do some good,
 When Articles too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our Cousin *Katherine* here with us,
 She is our Capital Demand, compris'd
 Within the Fore-rank of our Articles.

Q. Isa.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.]Exeunt.

Manent King Henry, Katherine and a Lady.

K. Hen. Fair Katherine, most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a Soldier Terms,
Such as will enter at a Lady's Ear,
And plead his Love-suit to her gentle Heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot
speak your *England*.

K. Hen. O fair Katherine, if you will love me sound-
ly with your *French Heart*, I will be glad to hear
you confess it brokenly with your *English Tongue*.
Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is like me.

K. Hen. An Angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an Angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il, que je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ouy verament (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not
blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! *les laugues des hommes sont plein de
tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair One, that Tongues of
Men are full of Deceits?

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de Tongues of de Mans is be full
of Deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better *English Woman*:
i'faith Kate, my Wooing is fit for thy Understanding.
I am glad thou canst speak no better *English*, for if
thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain
King, that thou would'st think, I had sold my Farm
to buy my Crown. I know no ways to mince it in
Love, but directly to say I love you: then if you
urge me farther, than to say, Do you in faith? I
swear out my Suit: give me your Answer, i'faith
do, and so clap Hands, and a Bargain; how say
you, Lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for
the one, I have neither Words nor Measure; and
for the orher, I have no Strength in Measure, yet

a reasonable Measure in Strength. If I could win a Lady at Leap-frog, or by vaulting into my Saddle with my Armour on my Back; under the Correction of Bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a Wife: or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horse for her Favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack-an-Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out of my Eloquence, nor I have no cunning in Protestation; only downright Oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a Fellow of this Temper, *Kate*, whose Face is not worth Sun-burning; that never looks in his Glass, for love of any thing he sees there; let thine Eye be thy Cook. I speak thee plain Soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true: but for thy Love, by the Lord, No: yet I love thee too: And while thou liv'st, dear *Kate*, take a Fellow of plain and uncoined Constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the Gift to woo in other Places. For these Fellows of infinite Tongue, that can rhyme themselves into Ladies Favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What? a Speaker is but a Prater, a Rhime is but a Ballad: a good Leg will fall, a strait Back will stoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow; but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his Course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me: and take me, take a Soldier: take a Soldier, take a King: And what say'st thou then to my Love? speak my Fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de Enemy of

K. Har. No, is it not possible that you should love the Enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me, you should love the Friend of *France*: for I love *France* so well, that I will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine; and *Kate* when *France* is mine, and I am yours;

yours; then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. Hen. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in *French*, which I am sure will hang upon my Tongue, like a new married Wife about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off: *Je quand sur le possession de France, & quand vous aves le possession de moy* (Let me see, what then? *Saint Dennis* be my speed) *Donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienue.* It is as easy for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more *French*: I shall never move thee in *French*, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il est mulier quel' Anglois le quel je parle.*

K. Hen. No faith is't not, *Kate*; but thy speaking of my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsly, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, *Kate*, dost thou understand thus much *English*? Can'st thou love

Kath. I cannot tell. (me?)

K. Hen. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at Night, when you come into your Closet, you'll question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her dispraise those Parts in me, that you love with your Heart; but, good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate*, as I have saving Faith within me tells me, thou shalt; I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good Soldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I between *St. Dennis* and *St. George*, compound a Boy, half *French*, half *English*, that shall go to *Constantinople*, and take the *Turk* by the Beard. Shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise; do but now promise, *Kate*, you will endeavour for your *French* part of such a Boy; and for my *English* Moiety, take the Word of a King, and a Batchelor. How answer you, "La plus belle Katharine du monde mon tres chere & divine deesse."

Kath.

Kath. Your Majestee ave fause Frenche enough to deceive de most sage Damoisel dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now fie upon my false French; by mine Honour, in true English, I love thee, *Kate*; by which Honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my Blood begins to flatter me, that thou do'st notwithstanding the poor and untempering Effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Father's Ambition, he was thinking of Civil Wars, when he got me, therefore was I created with a stubborn Outside, with an Aspect of Iron, that when I come to woo Ladies, I fright them; but in faith, *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My Comfort is, that Old Age, that ill Layer up of Beauty, can do no more Spoil upon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, avouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empress, take me by the hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine; which Word thou shalt no sooner bless mine Ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantagenet* is thine; who, tho' I speak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of Good-fellows. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voice is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katherine*, break thy Mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *le Roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*, it shall please him, *Kate*.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. *Laissez mon Seigneur, laissez, laissez, may soy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une vostre, Seigneur, indigne serviteur, excusez moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your Lips, *Kate*.

Kath.

Kath. *Les Dames and Damoisels pour estre basee devant leur nopces il n'e't pas le Coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my Interpreter, what says she?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell what is *buisse en English.*

K. Hen. To kiss.

Lady. Your Majesty *entendre better que moy.*

K. Hen. Is it not a fashion for the Maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice Customs curt'sie to great Kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak List of a Country's fashion; we are the Makers of Manners, Kate; and the Liberty that follows our Places, stops the Mouth of all Find-faults, as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice Fashion of your Country, in denying me a Kiss; therefore patiently, and yielding. [*kissing her*] You have Witchcraft in your Lips, Kate; there is more Eloquence in a Sugar-tongue of them, than in the Tongues of the French Council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majesty, my Royal Cousin, teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Hen. Our Tongue is rough, Coz, and my Condition is not smooth; so that having neither the Voice nor the Heart of Hatred about me, I cannot so conjure up the Spirit of Love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the Frankness of my Mirth, if I answer for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modesty, if she deny the Appearance of a naked blind Boy, in her naked

ked seeing self? It were, my Lord, a hard Condition for a Maid to confign to.

K. Hen. Yet do they wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my Lord; teach your Cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my Meaning; Maids well summer'd, and warm kept, are like Flies at *Bartholomew-Tyde*, blind, though they have their Eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This Moral ties me over to time, and a hot Summer; and so I shall catch the Flie, your Cousin, in the latter End, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As Love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank Love for my Blindness, who cannot see many a fair French City for one fair French Maid, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspectivevely; the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that War hath never entred.

K. Hen. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you talk of may wait on her; so the Maid that stood in the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to my Will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my Lords of England?

Weir. The King hath granted every Article: His Daughter first? and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd Nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: Where your Majesty demands, That the King of France having occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall name your Highness in this form, and with this Addition in French: "Nostre tres cher filz Henry " Roy d'Angleterre, Heretier de France;" and thus in

Latin: "Præclarissimus Filius noster Henricus
Rex Angliæ & Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, Brother, so deny'd,
But your Request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in Love and dear Alliance,
Let that one Article rank with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair Son, and from her Blood
raise up

Due to me, that the contending Kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very Shoars look pale,
With Envy of each others Happines,
May cease their Hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Christian-like Accord
In their sweet Bosoms; that never War advance
His bleeding Sword'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen.

K. Hen. Now welcome, *Kate*; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her, as my Sovereign Queen. [*flourish*]

Q. Isa. God, the best Maker of all Marriages,
Combine your Hearts in one, your Realms in One,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love
To be there 'twixt your Kingdoms such a Spousal,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealousie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in between the Passion of these Kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen.

All. Amen.

K. H. Prepare we for our Marriage; on which Day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath,
And all the Peers, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I swear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and prosp'rous be. [*Ex.*]

Sonnet. Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little Room confining mighty Men,
Mangling by starts the full Course of their Glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived,
The Star of England. Fortune made his Sword;

By which, the World's best Garden he atchieved,
And of it left his Son Imperial Lord.

Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed :
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed
Which oft our Stage hath shown ; and for her sake,
In your fair Minds left this Acceptance take.

FINIS.



